

Hoosier Folklore

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HOOSIER FOLKLORE

VOL. VI

JUNE, 1947

No. 2

FOLKLORE FROM WEST VIRGINIA

By RUTH ANN MUSICK

I. BALLADS

NOTE ON BALLADS CONTRIBUTED BY WALTER H. KEENER, FAIRMONT STATE COLLEGE

All of the following ballads were given me by Walter H. Keener, a student at Fairmont State College, Fairmont, West Virginia. He got all of them from his father.

Mr. Keener's father used to sing ballads between the acts of an original minstrel show, which he took from town to town and performed whenever and wherever he could do so before a reasonable-sized audience. The group of young men who took part in these original minstrel shows, written by Mr. Thomas T. Keener, were made up of members of a baseball team, who, at the end of the baseball season, decided to travel around and make an easy living. Mr. T. Keener, it seems, wrote the original scripts, took part in the show, sang ballads between acts, and sold popcorn. I believe Mr. Walter Keener said his father was a mixture of English and Irish—that some English ancestor had gone to Ireland and married there, but I don't believe he knew exactly when. It seems that his father's repertoire at one time included a fairly large number of Child's English and Scottish Ballads in one form or another. Mr. Walter Keener says:

My father in his younger days, rather than earn an honest living, produced plays and toured the country, showing wherever and whenever an audience would appear who looked the price of admission and a bag of popcorn—he had that concession also. During these plays,

and between acts, my father sang songs, including a number of old ballads. Because my father produced the plays, all this added to his reasons for claiming a larger part of the "take" as he called it. These songs were imposed upon me while I sat in his lap, as a young lad, on quiet summer evenings on our farm, when nothing interfered with his singing but the buzzing of the locusts, the harmonious cracking of the rocking chair and the croaking of the frogs.

At such times, I listened to "Oh, Hangsman, Hangsman, Spare That Rope" or "Father, Dear Father, Come Home With Me Now, The Clock In The Steeple Strikes Two." At other times I sat transfixed while he sang "not as well as I used to," to quote him—"He Cut His Wife's Head Off And Kicked It Up Against The Wall." My first picture of the sea was a song that he sang between brief imitations of those frogs and the "cracking" of the rocker:

"Oh, Captain, Captain, tell me true
Does my sweet Willie sail with you?
"Oh, no, kind sir, he is not here,
For he lies in yonder sea, I fear."¹

It seems Mr. Keener came by his knowledge of ballads from both sides of the family. He says further:

My old grandfather on my mother's side sang a dozen or more of these old ballads by popular request on his ninety-third birthday. Somehow, the beauty of his well-seasoned and rich baritone voice imparted a picture that linked me with those ballads these past sixteen years since his death.

The Maid Freed from the Gallows
Child Ballad No. 95

"Oh, Hangsman, Hangsman, spare that rope
Spare it for a while;
For I see my sister on yonders hill,
And she's come for many a mile.

¹ I think Mr. Keener may have forgotten his father's version, here, since it is a *woman*, who is seeking her sailor boy. My mother's version is:

Oh, no, fair lady, he's not here;
He's drowned in the ocean, I fear.
Rocky Island, as we passed by,
There's where we left your sweet sailor boy.
(Repeat last two lines).

"Sister, Sister, have you gold,
Gold to set me free?
Or have you come to see me hung
Beneath the old oak tree?"

"Yes, Brother, dear, I do have gold,
But none to set you free;
For I have come to see you hung
Beneath the old oak tree."

"Oh, Hangsman, Hangsman, spare that rope
Spare it for a while;
For I see my brother on yonders hill,
And he's come for many a mile.

"Brother, Brother, have you gold,
Gold to set me free?
Or have you come to see me hung
Beneath the old oak tree?"

"Yes, Brother, dear, I do have gold,
But none to set you free;
For I have come to see you hung
Beneath the old oak tree."

"Oh, Hangsman, Hangsman, spare that rope
Spare it for a while;
For I see my father on yonders hill
And he's come for many a mile.

"Father, Father, have you gold,
Gold to set me free,
Or have you come to see me hung
Beneath the old oak tree?"

"Yes, my son, I do have gold,
But none to set you free;
For I have come to see you hung
Beneath the old oak tree."

"Oh, Hangsman, Hangsman, spare that rope
Spare it for a while;

For I see my mother on yonders hill
And she's come for many a mile.

"Mother, Mother, have you gold,
Gold to set me free,
Or have you come to see me hung
Beneath the old oak tree?"

"Yes, my son, I do have gold,
But none to set you free;
For I have come to see you hung
Beneath the old oak tree."

"Oh, Hangsman, Hangsman, spare that rope
Spare it for a while;
For I see my sweetheart on yonders hill
And she's come for many a mile.

"Sweetheart, Sweetheart, have you gold,
Gold to set me free,
Or have you come to see me hung
Beneath the old oak tree?"

"Yes, Sweetheart, I do have gold,
Gold to set you free;
For I've not come to see you hung
Beneath the old oak tree."

(For a text and references see Paul G. Brewster, *Ballads and Songs of Indiana* (Bloomington, Indiana: Indiana University Publications, 1940) 125-127.—The Editor.)

Sir Hugh, or, The Jew's Daughter
Child Ballad No. 155

At first he cast his ball too high
Then he tossed it too low;
And then he tossed it in an old maid's yard,
Where no one's 'lowed to go, go, go,
Where no one's 'lowed to go.

"Come in, come in, my pretty little boy,
Come in and get your ball."

She showed him an apple as red as a rose
To 'tice the little boy in, in, in,
To 'tice the little boy in.

She led him down through a passage dark;
The walls were black within;
She showed him a basin wide and deep
To catch his heart's blood in, in, in,
To catch his heart's blood in.

"Oh bury the prayer book at my feet,
The Bible at my head;
And if my playmates call for me,
Just tell them I am dead, dead, dead,
Just tell them I am dead.

"Oh bury the Bible at my head,
The prayer book at my feet;
And if my parents call for me,
Just tell them I am asleep, 'sleep, 'sleep,
Just tell them I am asleep."

(For texts and references see Paul G. Brewster, *ibid.*, 128-133.—
The Editor.)

Lady Isabel and the Elf-Knight
Child Ballad No. 4, H

He mounted on his milk white nag
He leadeth the dappled gray
Until he arrived at his true love's door,
Six hours before it was day.

He rode upon his milk white nag,
She rode the dappled gray
Until they arrived at the dark seaside,
Six hours before it was day.

Then he mounted off the milk white nag.
"Dismount, I pray," said he,
"For six pretty maids have I drowned here
And the seventh one you shall be."

She mounted off the dappled gray.
"Your rings and robe," said he.
"Please take them off, my pretty maid,
And deliver them unto me."

"Oh, Lover, Lover, this I pray,
Please turn your back on me."
She grabbed him 'round the slender waist
And dashed him right into the sea.

"True love, true love, I cannot swim;
Your hand please give to me!"
"Six fair ones you have drowned here,
But the seventh one you shall be!"

She mounted on his milk white nag.
She leadeth the dappled gray,
Until she arrived at her father's door,
Six hours before it was day.

(For texts and references see Paul G. Brewster, *ibid.*, 31-36.—The Editor.)

4. *The Johnstown Flood*

On a balmy day in May,
When old Nature held full sway,
A mad storm came crashing through our quiet town;
On that morning, 'twas so cold,
Came a rider, brave and bold,
On a big, bay horse, came flying like a deer.
And this rider whoops and yells,
"Quickly fly off to the hills!"
But the people seemed to show no sign of fear.
Then quick the thing was changed,
For just like a thing arranged,
The storm came tearing through our quiet town;
There were thousands burnt and drowned
In that city of Johnstown,
Who were lost in that great overflow.

II. A FOLKTALE

A Black Snake Story

(As told by Mr. Norman C. Hamman to Edward Zirkle, my student at Fairmont State College, Fairmont, West Virginia.)

The black snake has strange and mysterious powers and in some sections is more feared than the rattlesnake and the copperhead. There is a legend illustrating the power of the black snake that has circulated in the region of Queens, West Virginia, and goes something like this:

There was a young farm girl, of about three or four years of age, who was apparently normal both physically and mentally. One summer, as the story goes, the girl was observed going out behind the barn with a cup of milk and crumbled bread each day about noon. The natural assumption was that she had a pet of some sort and was feeding it. Nothing more was thought of it until the girl began to act peculiar.

Her parents followed her on her daily trip to the barn, and discovered that she was not feeding a dog or cat, as previously assumed, but a six-foot black snake. They immediately killed the snake and took the girl to the house.

For weeks following the incident, the little girl went back to the barn with the milk and bread for the snake. Finally the girl died. Everyone believes, to this day, that the snake had her charmed and that even after its death the spell continued until it killed her too.

(This is Type 285, Motif B 391.2 *Child feeds snake from milk-bottle*. See Grimm's *Kinder-und Hausmarchen*, story 105, version two.)

III. WEST VIRGINIA SUPERSTITIONS

This first group was given to me by Virginia Gray, evening school student at Fairmont State College. I believe she said that she got most of them from an old 1926 newspaper clipping.

1. In planting corn, if one misses a row, some member of the family is sure to die. (If the missed row is discovered before the corn comes up, the death will be prevented.)

2. Often the first and last hen's eggs of a season are small. If one of these is found in a nest, the finder must throw it backwards, over his left shoulder and over the house. If the egg falls in a soft clump of grass, good luck

will follow. If the egg is broken, bad luck will have been warded off.

3. It is bad luck to hand an open pocket knife (or a pin or other sharp article) to a friend, because the sharp blade will sever the friendship.

4. A woman who has never seen her father can take fire out of burns. (Usually a charm had to be repeated.)

5. A bag of asafetida worn around the neck will prevent a cold.

6. Toothache may be cured by picking the tooth and gums by a splinter taken from a tree struck by lightning. (However, this means the certain loss of the tooth, which begins to decay.)

7. If a child sees its reflection in a mirror before it is a year old, it is sure to die.

8. It is bad luck to leave the house by a different door than the one you entered.

9. At the first sound of the whippoorwill in spring, it is time for children to go barefoot.

10. If a rooster crows before midnight, it is a sign that someone is dead.

11. To be married on a rainy day means sorrow and unhappiness. To be married on a bright, sunny day, means happiness and contentment. If the bridegroom should drop the ring, that means the worst possible luck.

12. A "water witch" (or "water wizard") can locate the best possible well location, by the following method:

When wells were to be dug, the water wizard cut a peach tree fork with prongs about four inches long, and these were spread apart to form as nearly a straight line as possible. The water wizard held the stick, fork upward, between his thumbs, and then walked around and around in an ever-widening circle. Presently the fork would turn downward, and there the wizard set his foot.

13. Warts may be cured as follows: Steal a dishcloth, slip stealthily out of the house and without looking either to the right or left or behind, walk straight ahead until you come to a tree or stone. The dishcloth must then be hung on the tree or buried beneath the stone. Then as the cloth decays, the warts disappear. A second method of getting rid of warts is to rub a coin over the warts and

throw the coin away. The person finding the coin will get the warts.

14. Beauty Aids (used about sixty years ago).

To bleach the skin, rise early and go to the wheat field and wash your face in dew.

Buttermilk will remove freckles and tan.

Cream is an excellent face lotion.

Flour or prepared chalk may be used for face powder.

A beet may be used for rouge.

Sap from grape vines makes gray hair dark.

15. To cure tuberculosis, wear a live rattlesnake around the waist after the fangs have been extracted. (This was an old Indian remedy and was supposed to draw poison from the lungs.)

(The following were given to me by Mrs. Joan Cunningham Cross, of Fairmont.)

16. Never lay your hat on the bed as it is extremely bad luck.

17. To avoid bad luck, always put on the left shoe first.

18. If you drop a spoon, you will have a great disappointment—unless you spit.

(A superstition given to me by Miss Blanche Price of Fairmont, West Virginia.)

19. If anyone looks over your shoulder into the mirror, it will ruin your chances of getting a husband.

Fairmont State College

Fairmont, West Virginia

SMART SAYINGS FROM INDIANA

By PAUL G. BREWSTER

The following specimens of what passed some years ago for smart repartee were heard by the writer in Pike and Gibson counties during his boyhood and young manhood. Many of them are still current.

1. Travelin' or goin' somewhere?
2. Sure was a short summer we had, wasn't it (said when there is an unseasonable cool snap) ?
3. Here's your hat; what's your hurry?
4. You're not livin' right (to someone having bad luck).
5. You're not payin' the preacher (same).
6. Come back when you can't stay so long.
7. He ain't afraid of me.
8. He's not hard (tough) ; he's just hungry.
9. He ain't bad (tough) ; he just smells bad.
10. I've outrun bigger men than him.
11. Is the man on the Camel package leading the camel or riding it?¹
12. Barbers on a strike (asked derisively of someone needing a haircut) ?
13. Where did you go after you got shaved (same) ?
14. He don't put out anything but his hand, and he jerks it back (of someone with a reputation for stinginess).
15. I was made before you were maker (retort to a threat of force).
16. "Who was your nigger this time last summer?" (Asked when someone is imposing too many tasks.)
"You, and you didn't serve out your time."
17. Take your time, but hurry.
18. What time is it by your watch and chain?
19. "What time is it?" "Time all fools were dead; ain't you sick?"
20. "How much did you pay for it?" "As much ag'in as half."
21. He's all right, but his feet ain't mates.

¹ There is no picture of a man on a package of Camels.

22. He's all right, but he won't do.
23. Stick around a while; we're gonna open a keg of nails.
24. How's the weather up there (to an unusually tall man) ?
25. Don't the sidewalks hurt your feet (to a country boy) ?
26. "Where did you get it?" "Where your aunt got her socks."
27. Was that you talkin' or the wind blowin'? Sometimes: I've heard the wind blow before.
28. "Can you stand on one foot?" "Yes" (demonstrating). "Any goose can."
29. Charge it to the dust and let the rain settle it.
30. "How old would you be if you were right fat?" "Dunno." "You'd be an Old Fatty."
31. They had to burn the schoolhouse down to get him out of third grade (of someone noted for being dull-witted).
32. "What's your name?" "Puddin' 'n' tame; ask me again and I'll tell you the same."²
33. "Where do you live?" "On Tough Street. The farther you go, the tougher they get; I live in the last house."
34. Smell your master! Does he smell like cheese (said by a boy sticking his fist under the nose of another) ?
35. Cheese and crackers,
Chewin' tobacker,
Buggy whips and axle grease (said derisively of the stock of a country store).
36. Just before the *at* (in reply to Where's it at?).
37. "Got a match?" "I'm your match; strike me and see where I (you) light."
38. "Got a match?" "Your match is in the penitentiary (asylum)."
39. "Can you change a five?" "Yes, from your hand to mine."
40. "Can you change a five?" "I can give you a quarter and owe you the rest."
41. Kill it; don't let it suffer (said derisively of someone singing, particularly if the number is a classical one).
42. If you can't drive it, park it!

² There is a variant the second line of which is unprintable.

43. Drop a nickel in it (to a motorist having engine trouble) !
44. We'll have that whitewashed tomorrow (to one who stubs his toe against something).
45. Talk's cheap, but it takes money to buy whisky (re-buke to a boaster).
46. Pull over ; a man leading a mule wants to get by (to a slow driver).
47. We used to go to different schools together.
48. They look so much apart you can't tell them alike.
49. If he was singin' for apples, he couldn't get in the orchard (of a poor singer).
50. Go home and tell your mammy she wants you (to a meddlesome child).
51. Put some cream on his face and let the cat lick them off (of an adolescent beginning to be aware of the fuzz on his cheeks).
52. "Heard the latest?" "No." "It ain't out yet."
53. Want it wrapped up (to one who "gawks" at something for a long time) ?
54. Shakespeare never repeats (to one asking the speaker to repeat his statement).
55. I could ride that to town and back (of a dull knife blade).
56. He never takes a drink unless he's by himself or with somebody.
57. "I'll see you tonight." "Not if I see you first."
58. They can just stand up and grow tall (by a parent whose offspring have been offered chairs when the latter are scarce).
59. "Another county heard from!" "Yeah, *Green* county" (said when someone "puts in his two cents' worth" uncalled for).
60. The train's gone ; I see its tracks.
61. Lean on your own dinner (to someone leaning or resting his weight upon the speaker) !
62. Many a time I've had to go out and buy groceries when I didn't have a drop of whisky in the house.
63. He ought to fire you and hire you over.
64. "Tired o' walkin'?" "Yes." "Run a while."
65. If I was as ugly as him, I'd sue my parents.

66. If the Lord's willin' and the Devil don't kick.
67. You'll be a man yet before your mammy is (said jokingly to a small boy).
68. Where you gonna preach (said to someone dressed in his "Sunday-go-to-meetin'" clothes on a weekday)?
69. All dirt goes before the broom (said when trying to get people out of one's path).
70. Age before beauty (said by one or the other of two persons about to go through the same door).
71. Man before monkey (sometimes said jokingly by whichever of the abovementioned persons goes through first).
72. He's a good boy in a way, but he don't weigh enough.
73. He's a good boy in a way, but he's always in the way.
74. Grass never grows on a busy street (said by a bald-headed man when ridiculed for his lack of hair).
75. I kept it out of other people's business and let it get its full growth (said by a man questioned about the length of his nose).
76. When I call for manure, you come in on the shovel (to one who is always butting into a conversation).
77. Get your chin up on the sidewalk (to one whose talk is obscene).
78. He don't know whether he's comin' or goin'.
79. He don't know whether he's pitchin' or catchin'.
80. Put your money where your mouth is (to one who is always saying: I bet you).
81. Glad to meet you; if I had a dime I'd treat you; maybe you've got one?
82. You'd make a fine door, but you're no good for a window (to someone obstructing the speaker's view).
83. I spent a week there one afternoon.
84. You and who else (sometimes: You and what army) (reply to a threat of bodily injury)?
85. Here's a match and a dollar to strike it on (to the chronic "moocher").
86. I'll give you a brick house—a brick at a time (threat).
87. I don't have to worry about money—my father has piles.
88. If there's any difference at all, it's about the same.

89. He was so tired that one foot was saying to the other, "You let me pass you this time and I'll let you pass me the next time."
90. When she first came to town, they had to hogtie her to get shoes on her.
91. Anybody hurt in the wreck (to the occupants of a dilapidated car) ?
92. I'm gonna retire and buy me a stump farm. Gonna build me a shack in the middle of a field of stumps and just listen to 'em rot.

Bloomington, Indiana.

ADDENDA

By VIOLET AND WM. HUGH JANSEN

The associate editor and his wife thought it interesting to analyze their memories of these Hoosier smart sayings to show perhaps a little evidence about the currency of such bits of folklore in widely separated areas of the United States. The female half of us spent her childhood and youth in Orange County, eastern New York state, and in Middlesex County, in the center of Connecticut. Her husband spent the same period in Connecticut's Fairfield County.

It is interesting that where one of the smart sayings was recognized as being current in our youthful surroundings, it was invariably familiar to both of us. And when a variant occurred to one of us, the other was likely to remember it also or to emend it to a form which the first would agree was "right."

Those sayings immediately remembered and remembered in the same form as Mr. Brewster's were: 2, 3, 4, 6, 9, 12, 16 (first half only), 21, 24, 31, 32, 43, 47, 50, 51, 52, 57, 59 (first half only), 61, 64, 66, 67, 70, 72, 73, 74, 75, 77, 78, 79, 82, 84, 87 and 90.

In addition the following variants, close and remote, were called to mind. The numbers refer to Mr. Brewster's numbering; the letters are used if more than one form welled up in memory. Where the occurrence was not in all counties, the exact locale is indicated.

2. Heard also about a "short" winter.

5. A. That's what you get for not going to church.
B. I guess I don't go to church regular.
C. The Devil's pushing again (Orange County).
12. Mad at the barber?
13. When you going to buy a fiddle?
16. Who was your servant last year? (New England, the home of abolition!)
19. "What time is it?" "Time all mama's children were in bed." (Fairfield County. Query: Does anyone remember a longer, rhymed form of this?).
20. A. "How much did you pay for it?" (After a serious answer.) "It would be cheap at half the price."
B. (Same set-up as above.) "They must have seen you coming."
21. A. He's all right, but his feet stink.
B. He's all right; the world's all wrong.
26. Where did you get that—at a fire sale?
33. A. "Where do you live?" "Down the lane" (usually with 32 as a preface).
B. "What's your number?" "Cucumber" (usually following 33A, both frequently recited in first person, rather than as a dialogue: *i. e.*, "What's *my* name," etc.).
41. Oh, give it a drink.
44. I'll have that moved for you first thing in the morning.
45. Talk's cheap, but actions are more profitable.
46. Step on it—you're not going to a funeral.
49. He can't sing for sour apples. (There may be an interesting relation to be conjectured between the two forms.)
51. Sometimes with the taunting cap: Fuzz don't count.
53. I hope you'll know me next time (from the person being "gawked" at).
54. A. I don't eat my cabbage twice.
B. I don't sell my goods twice (Fairfield County).
55. I could ride that to Boston bareback (also see Mr. Brewster's footnote 2).
59. He had to sound his clapper (Orange County).
61. Lean on your own appetite (Fairfield County).
74. (A kind of rebuttal) You can't grow it on stone either (Fairfield County).

77. Get your mind out of the gutter (*or sewer*).
80. Put up or shut up.
82. A. Your father wasn't a glass-blower.
B. Your name's not windowpane (Orange County).
89. I am so tired I could sleep on a picket fence.

And as a final comment and parallel in complexity and delightfulness to 92, we cannot help adding from Indiana's own Monroe County:

If I ever got that much money at one time, the first thing I'd do would be go get a brickmaker to make two special bricks fitted to my two hands. Then I'd beat up on the first guy who asked me to work.

Indiana University

Bloomington, Indiana

FOLKLORE NEWS

Folklorist Bascom Lamar Lunsford, of North Carolina, collector, singer and founder of the noted Asheville Annual Mountain Dance and Folk Festival, spent seven weeks in California during March and April, and a month in St. Louis, before returning the first of June to his home, on South Turkey Creek, to prepare for his festival productions. The Asheville event will take place this year August 7, 8 and 9, and the Renfro Valley, Kentucky, festival, founded last year, will be given July 31 and August 1.

Mr. Lunsford appeared twice at the University of California, at Los Angeles, and at the University of Southern California, also at the University of California, at Berkeley, in song programs and mountain dance demonstrations.

He also made an album of recordings for Eagle Records, Hollywood, titles of which are announced as: "Swannanoa Tunnel," "Mr. Garfield," "Jennie Jenkins," "Little Marget," "On the Banks of the Ohio," "Springfield Mountain," "Death of Queen Jane," and "I Wish I Was a Mole in the Ground." These are Mr. Lunsford's first commercial recordings in some years.

Non-commercially he recorded 315 songs from his prodigious collection in the year 1935, for the Library of Congress, Archive of Folksong, and these are to be re-recorded this summer, under improved technical conditions. It is understood that this selection will also be published in the near future, as Bascom Lamar Lunsford's "Memory Collection."

TALES FROM INDIANA UNIVERSITY

STUDENTS

By B. BERNARD COHEN AND IRVIN EHRENPREIS

The following stories were written for Mr. Cohen and Mr. Ehrenpreis by students in their freshman composition classes at Indiana University. I have included several variants of these stories which were written by my students.—The Editor.

I. GHOST STORIES

1. *The Dream Warning*

A. *The Ghostly Cab Driver*

Contributed to Mr. Ehrenpreis, December 6, 1945, by Betty Ensley.

One evening last winter I decided to go to bed early. The excitement of a business trip to Chicago the following day made me restless and unable to sleep. Finding the *Tribune* Book Section close at hand, I settled down to read. Halfway through a horror story I drifted off to sleep.

I began to dream. In a room similar to my own I lay in a deep sleep. Suddenly the French doors were blown open with a clatter which awakened me. I sat up in bed. Snow swirled through the open doorway. Outside a car drove into our driveway and stopped with a screeching of brakes. Startled into action, I leaped to my feet and ran through the doorway onto the balcony overlooking our drive. It was cold and the snow-storm had turned into a blizzard. Looking down I saw a huge, black hearse. The snow whirling around the hearse gave it a ghostly air. The door of the hearse opened and a tall, stone-faced man appeared. Fear held me motionless as the man looked up at me and said in a low, melodious voice, "Room for one more." This frightened me so much that I actually awakened. My eyes fell upon the familiar furnishings of my own

friendly room. With relief I murmured, "Oh, it was only a dream," and I settled back into a dreamless sleep.

The next morning I was too busy dressing and packing to think about my nightmare. The taxi which was to take me to the Pennsylvania Railroad Station drove into our driveway and stopped with a screeching of brakes. I did not know why, but the sound annoyed me. I kissed my mother goodby, picked up my belongings, and hurried out to the taxi. There were already six people and a small baby crowded into it. I looked at the driver with despair; and he said, "Room for one more."

I caught my breath and raced back into the house. My bewildered mother told him to drive on without me. The people were amused, and the driver muttered something under his breath and drove on. As my mother drove me to the station, I related to her my dream of the night before. We laughed and joked about it, and soon were talking about my proposed trip.

When I returned from my trip, my mother and father were at the station to meet me. They welcomed me with open arms. Shoving a newspaper under my nose, my dad said, "Maybe this will explain why we are so happy to see you."

Leaping up at me from the page were the words: "SIX PEOPLE AND BABY KILLED IN COLLISION EN ROUTE TO PENN STATION."

1. The Dream Warning

B. The Ghostly Elevator Operator

Contributed to Mr. Baughman, November 12, 1945, by Marietta Miller who heard it from Mrs. Frank Donaldson. The story was heard in Lebanon, Indiana.

This story was told to me by a middle-aged woman who was giving an account of a true story concerning a dream and its relation to an important incident. This is the dream and the incident as she told it to me:

One of my friends in New York City had this horrible dream one night. She dreamed she was in the downtown section of New York City when suddenly she noticed a funeral procession passing by. It was one of the longest she had ever seen. She particularly noticed the driver of the hearse. He was a tall, rather sharp-featured man who sat very erect in his seat.

The next morning, when she was preparing to go downtown to shop, she recalled the dream she had had the past night.

The image of the driver came clearly into her mind once again, and she continued to think of him as she went to do her shopping. She entered a department store and was ready to step into the elevator when she noticed the operator. He was a tall, sharp-featured man resembling the man in her dream. It startled her, and she hurried to leave the elevator just as the door was closing. The elevator reached the third floor when she heard a screeching sound ending with a crash. The elevator had fallen, and everyone had been killed.

1. *The Dream Warning*

C. *The Ghostly Elevator Operator*

Contributed to Mr. Baughman by Rosemary Taylor, who says about the story: "This is supposedly a true story, told to me by Frances Tolar of Laurel, Mississippi. It took place in Hattiesburg, Mississippi. The girl was Frances' cousin. I heard the story about a year ago."

This happening took place in a small town in southern Mississippi some few years ago. It is still a topic of conversation among the Negroes and sometimes among the whites. There was a small college for girls in this town. New dormitories had been built, but the upper floors of some of the older ones were still occupied. The girl of the story, Margaret, lived on the third floor of one of these old dormitories.

One night Margaret was unable to sleep; so she got up and went to the window. It was a beautiful moonlit night. Directly below her window there was a long black hearse. A man in a long white robe, and with a long, deep scar down the left side of his hideous face, was standing by the side of the hearse, saying slowly, "Going down, going down, going down?" When she awoke the next morning, Margaret thought that it had been just a dream. The same thing happened three nights in succession, but she tried to convince herself that it was only a dream.

Her mother came down a few days later, but Margaret didn't mention the incident to her mother. She would have only said that it was a product of Margaret's imagination. They went into town one afternoon; and, as they started to get on the elevator at the bank, Margaret realized that the elevator operator was the man she had seen those three nights. There was a scar down the left side of his face, and he was saying, "Going down, going down, going down?" Margaret

went into hysterics at this. Her mother, with the help of some people who happened to be at the bank at the time, rushed her around the corner to a drugstore, where she was given a sedative. In a few minutes a man rushed in and said, "Have you all heard? The elevator in the bank just crashed, and everybody on it was killed!"

(A version of this story appeared a few years ago, I believe in the *Reader's Digest*. As I recall it, the printed version has a continental setting and was closer to version C than to versions A or B. I should like to hear from readers who know the story, with as full particulars as possible about when and where and from whom the story was heard. The three versions here given offer interesting evidence of how a single basic motif can be vested with dissimilar background details.—The Editor.)

2. Ghosts Punish Murderess

Contributed to Mr. Ehrenpreis, December 6, 1945, by Ethel Gensheimer, Lawrenceburg, Indiana.

There are many interesting stories about the runaway slaves of the South who came to the Houston mansion in Lawrenceburg. This house was built along the Ohio River across from Kentucky and had a secret underground passageway leading from the basement to the river bank, which the runaway slaves used on their way to freedom. Each runaway slave had a different story to tell my grandfather and his friend who owned the house. My grandfather often repeated these stories to me when I was a small child.

The story that fascinates me most is the one Charles Brown told. He was purchased by Henry and Helen Lee to work on their large plantation. Mr. and Mrs. Lee were an ideal couple, and they treated their slaves well. About a month later Charles and the other slaves began to have queer feelings that something evil was going to happen. At night they would have their mysterious meetings to drive away the evil spirits.

One day as Charles was walking by the window of the house, he heard Mr. and Mrs. Lee quarreling bitterly. He stopped, hypnotized. Mr. Lee's back was toward Mrs. Lee. She was approaching him with a knife. He watched as Mrs. Lee came closer and closer and stabbed him in the back. Mr. Lee screamed and slumped to the floor dead. Charles ran away from the spot. Later he returned to find that Mrs. Lee had charged one of the slaves with the killing of her husband. Charles didn't dare say that he had witnessed the crime. No

one would ever believe him since Mrs. Lee had such a good reputation and since he was only a slave. The accused slave was seized and put in jail. Before he could be brought to trial, he was lynched and hanged.

After that, weird things began to happen. The saying got around that the slave's and Mr. Lee's ghosts were haunting the place and especially Mrs. Lee. Charles claimed that he had actually seen the two ghosts coming down the stairs to the parlor where Mrs. Lee was sitting. She jumped up and stared as the ghosts pointed to the large blood spot on the floor that Mrs. Lee could never destroy, not even by acid. She fainted with fright. After that the two ghosts made regular visits to her. She was on edge all the time and often took her spite out on the slaves. As a result some of them ran away. Mrs. Lee became so nervous that she couldn't control her actions and emotions.

Two months after Mr. Lee's death she committed suicide. She left a will, saying she had killed her husband and that his ghost and the ghost of the innocent slave were tormenting her.

3. Ghost Hands

Contributed to Mr. Cohen, 1945, by Lenora Jane Edwards.

Daniel Chandler, his wife, and son, Peter, lived in an old mansion just at the outskirts of a town called Margo. Daniel Chandler was a chemist. He spent all of his spare time in a barred room, experimenting on a fluid that had the power to bring the dead to life. Naturally, his family thought nothing of his experiment and let him alone. One day Daniel was stricken with a cold. Continuing with his experiments, he finally collapsed in the laboratory and was put to bed. Knowing that his condition was critical, he asked to speak to his son. He told Peter that he had finally completed his experiment and proceeded to show him the fluid. Daniel wanted Peter to rub the fluid upon his body after his death. He claimed that his life would be restored if his son would do him the favor. Peter was astonished and refused him flatly. The next morning, Daniel Chandler was found dead in his bed, with the bottle of fluid broken between his hands.

A few months after the funeral, Peter heard his mother screaming at the top of her voice. He rushed to her and found that she had seen two "things" scrambling across the floor. Peter assured her that they were probably rats and that the

janitors would catch them. A few nights later, Peter heard his mother screaming again. This time she stated that the two "things" resembled hands. By this time Peter was worried. He swore that he would find them and prove that they were only rats.

That evening the undertaker paid Peter a visit. He told Peter that when he was preparing Daniel Chandler's body he noticed that the hands moved a little. This of course startled Peter, but he remained silent. The undertaker finally left. Peter retired to his room, only to hear his mother screaming again. He ran down to the library and found Mrs. Chandler stone white. She managed to tell him that she saw two hands crawl into the bookcase. Peter sent his mother from the room and began to throw the books from the shelves. The hands were not in the case. All of a sudden Peter felt something crawling up his back. Reaching to his throat, he felt two hands strangling him. They were his father's hands, killing him because he failed to do the favor asked of him. When Daniel died, the fluid spilled just on his hands.

II. TALL STORIES

4. *The Bouncing Bustle*

Contributed to Mr. Cohen, November 20, 1945, by Marian Jordan, who heard it from her father, James S. Jordan, Rensselaer, Indiana.

To this day I can remember sitting on my daddy's knee while he told my sister and me fascinating stories of the things my grandfather had supposedly done when he first came to Indiana—or at least they were fascinating to me then. My sister was not much of a diplomat and she told Dad, "I don't believe your stories."

The story I most distinctly remember is the one about the hillbilly who bought his wife a steel-bone bustle. One day the wife was riding a mule while she was wearing the steel-bone bustle. She fell off the mule, and she bounced up into the air on the steel-bone bustle. She hit the ground harder the second time, and she bounced higher than she had the first time. As it got late she was still hitting the earth and bouncing up so high that it looked as if she would hit the moon. After she had been bouncing up and down for several days, the hillbilly decided that if something was not done she was going to starve

to death. He felt sorry for her and finally as a last resort he pulled out his gun and shot her.

(The only variant I have seen of this story is one told about the bride of Pecos Bill. Slue Foot Sue insisted on riding Bill's horse, Widow Maker. She bounced for twenty-three nights and twenty-two days before Bill shot her. See Frank Shay, *Here's Audacity* (New York: The Macaulay Company, 1930) 155-157.—The Editor.)

5. *The Snake and the Inner Tube*

Contributed to Mr. Cohen, November 20, 1945, by Dolores Collins, who heard it from Donna Olmstead of Beaver, Pennsylvania.

A family reunion always puts everyone in a mood for reminiscing. Telling stories, true or untrue, seems to delight my family even more than eating. Each tries to top the story told by another. Grandpa, who may be the oldest person there but certainly not the slowest, always gets his story started first:

It was a bright Sunday afternoon in May, and Maggie and I went for a ride in the country. We couldn't depend on the tires on my old car; and, of course, the expected thing happened: the tire gave a bang, and it flattened like a pancake. I jumped out, and to the tune of Maggie's grumbling, I began to change the tire. I was just bending over the blame thing when Maggie screamed, "Frank! Frank! There's a snake!" And sure enough, when I looked on the dirt road about two yards away, there was a coiled snake. I had the inner tube in my hand and the only thing I could think of at the time was to throw it. As I threw the tube, the snake struck. It pierced the tube with its fangs, and the air from the tube went into the snake. The snake got larger and larger; and before we knew what had happened, the snake exploded.

6. *A. Meat for Breakfast*

Contributed to Mr. Ehrenpreis, December 6, 1945, by Patricia Schauder of Dayton, Ohio.

This story of a boyhood experience of one of my favorite neighbors is almost a legend in our neighborhood. The story, as told by him, is as follows:

My father was a horse trader; naturally he expected us boys to follow in his footsteps. When I was fourteen, he gave me my first big job. I had to deliver several horses to a small town some distance from my home. As I was leaving, my

father pushed something into my hand. I glanced down. "Why this must be at least ten dollars," I thought. It was more money than I had ever had in my life.

My new responsibility, the money, made me the happiest, proudest boy in Ohio. But as I went down the dusty road, I began to worry. I took the paper bills out of my pocket and put them carefully in my shoe.

I had to stay overnight in a small inn. Unfortunately, the inn was full, but because I looked so young and scared, the owner managed to find a room for me. I can still see him laughing and hear him teasing. "'Tisn't much, Sonny, but 'tis better than nothin'."

He was right about the room not being much. It was built under the eaves of the roof. In one corner stood a high, old-fashioned kitchen cupboard; in the other corner was a broken-down bed with a hard straw mattress. But I was tired; and so I was thankful even for this.

By this time the money had become a real worry. As soon as the proprietor left the room, I ran to the door to bolt it. There was no bolt! I studied the situation. I stacked all the movable furniture in the room against the door, and after a short debate, I folded the crispy dollars in a newspaper and put the newspaper under my mattress.

I don't know why I woke up; the intruder certainly made no noise. Even the furniture I had stacked against the door made no sound as he pushed it aside. First there was a dim streak of light around the door frame; then slowly it became brighter. I was frozen; I could feel my hair standing straight up; I could not scream or even move. Then I saw the intruder's face—a cruel, oriental face! He carried a knife between his teeth; the candle in his hand caught the gleam of it!

Slowly, on tiptoe, the man came to my bed. He looked down at me intently. I pretended to be asleep. Then he crossed over to the cupboard.

"O Dear Lord," I thought, "he's going to cut me up and put me in that cupboard." I started praying.

He opened the cupboard door. I held my breath. Then from the depths of the cupboard, the oriental drew out a large side of bacon. After cutting off several slices with his knife, he left as silently as he came. I slept well the rest of the night.

6. B. Meat for Breakfast

Contributed to Mr. Baughman, June 22, 1943, by Dean Van Tilbury of Columbia City. He heard the story in 1936 or 1937 in Columbia City.

It was my first trip west, and the first day had seemed long. I heard many strange sounds; and, as evening came, these sounds, evidently from wild animals, became more noticeable. I began to get scared, and I started to look for some place to stay overnight. I was not going to sleep alone on the prairie. After driving a hundred miles or more, I began to really get scared. The night was dark, but finally I saw an old house. It had a sagging door and rotten shutters and broken windows, but I didn't care. I ran to the entrance and knocked. The owner was a queer-looking fellow. He had a large head, and he was very short and stocky. After I had explained why I wanted to stay there, he told me that he was not in the habit of taking in strangers. I realized that I was more afraid of the outdoors than I was of a human being; so I offered to pay him anything he asked. He changed completely then. He got so friendly that I should have noticed the change more than I did. We talked for awhile, and then he showed me the way to my room in the attic. I got in bed and slept until the sun started shining in my eyes from holes in the roof. I stayed in bed, too tired to get up. Then I heard light footsteps on the stairs. I shut my eyes and pretended to be asleep. When I opened them just enough to see through them, I saw the owner of the house standing over me, knife in hand, ready to strike. I knew then why the owner had become so friendly when I mentioned money the night before. I wished I had given him all of it, but it was too late now. The knife made a swish, and the owner cut down a large ham that hung over my bed. It made a good breakfast.

Indiana University

Bloomington, Indiana

NOTES

Readers are invited to participate in this department by using it as a clearing house for folklore information of all kinds, to report variants of stories or songs or other material given in preceding issues, or to discover from other readers variants of unpublished lore that has been collected or remembered.

MICHIGAN STORIES

By E. C. BECK

Continued from volume 6, number 1 (March, 1947), page 40.

Trapping Machine

Chance Buhl, known in Gratiot County, Michigan, had a trapping machine that he used along the Pine river. All Chance did was row. The machine took the muskrats out of the traps, reset the traps, skinned the rats, and stretched the hides. All he did was row.

Smart Dog

Carl Lathrop, of St. Louis, Michigan, had a dog that understood his master perfectly. When Carl had a shotgun, the dog paid attention to nothing but rabbits. When Carl had a rifle the dog never chased a rabbit but confined himself to deer. One day when Carl picked up his fishing poles to go fishing, he found the dog out behind the barn digging bait.

Unusual Muskrat

According to Thomas R. White, of Cedar, Michigan, a Leelanau Frenchman skinned a marsh rabbit (muskrat) and put it in the oven. He wanted to pour off the grease; so after fifteen minutes he looked in the oven. Not a drop of grease was to be seen. He waited fifteen minutes and still no grease. So he peeked in the next time. "And whaddaya think?" questioned Tom White. "That muskrat was licking the grease off itself."

Central Michigan College

Mt. Pleasant, Michigan

AN ILLINOIS REFERENCE TO PAUL BUNYAN

By PHILIP D. JORDAN

That great folk lumberjack, Paul Bunyan, usually confined his Herculean logging to camps from New England, through Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota and on to the camps that dotted Pacific slopes. Of course, he played havoc in Iowa, but, in general, he preferred the north country where the Arctic lights lit his cabins and the crash of landslides was music to his soul. It is seldom that a reference is found in the literature of this woodsman to Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. The following yarn refers to the last state and therefore is of interest. It is significant for another reason: it clearly demonstrates how the Bunyan tales are constantly expanding geographically. A student of mine, Margorie Holt, got this poem from Walter J. Gries, a man in his sixties, from Negaunee, Michigan. He says the poem has never been published.

Paul Bunyan

Years ago at Teal Lake where the Pines were tall
An ox named Babe and a man named Paul
Went down to the lake on a cold winter's day,
And the ox pawed the hole that made Teal Lake, they say.
Here is the tale of the terrible ox
That drank from the Brule with his feet in the Fox.
Up in Duluth at ninety below
With his face to the south he started to blow;
He raised his head, gave a roaring wheeze,
And Florida froze from a northern breeze.
When they lunched on his back—instead of their bills—
The flies and mosquitos used rotary drills.
At dawn in Bayfield when he roared out his calls,
His mother would answer from Idaho Falls.
They hitched Old Babe to a sled one day
And went to Quebec for a load of hay.
They straddled the straits at St. Marie
And got back to Duluth in time for tea.
Paul started out to log the Silver Lake plains;
Babe busted the yokes and all the chains.
He broke a clevis while westward bound,

And they found the pin on the Puget Sound.
Babe fed up on the Silver Lake hay,
Got wild and woolly and ran away,
Over to Wisconsin and across the bay.
He stopped for nothing in his way.
Paul got ready and braced his feet,
Got hold of his goad and grabbed the seat.
Over the tops of the timber tall
Went Babe with the wagon, logs and all.
He jumped in the lake at Kewaunee
And waded across the Manistee.
Paul kept yelling out "gee" and "haw,"
Till he lost his voice at Mackinaw.
Then he got mad and started to whack
The famous old ox across the back.
With a snort that was heard at Eagle Pass,
Old Babe headed straight for Boston, Mass.
Paul tickled him up in the small of his back
And turned him around at Pontiac.
Babe ran in a circle around the Soo,
And they busted a wheel at Kalamazoo.
Paul grabbed his horns and jumped on his back
And got him lined up for Fond du Lac.
He jumped in the lake at the Ludington dock,
And Paul steered him back to Manitowoc.
Up and down the Wisconsin side,
The ox gave Paul an awful ride.
All along the old lake shore,
He shimmied and bucked till his back got sore.
With his tail up high and a rolling eye,
He made a beeline for Illini.
Then he jumped straight up and shimmied his hide,
Came down on his back and rolled on his side.
Then he reversed while spinning around,
Twice in the air to once on the ground.
He would "hottchie-kotch" and cross his feet,
And the rumpus was heard here on Main Street.
He tossed Paul up at Belvidere,
Right into the bay near West DePere.
Paul chased him around for a thousand miles
And cornered him up at the Apostle Isles.

He was chewing his cud with a bale of hay,
And seemed glad to get home on the Teal Lake way.
This is the tale of the terrible ox
That drank from the Brule with his feet in the Fox.

University of Minnesota

Minneapolis, Minnesota

A CIVIL WAR SONG

By CAROLINE DUNN

Salvaged from a paper drive, there came into the Indiana Historical Society Library recently an old sheet of notepaper, with an embossed patriotic emblem in the upper corner and a band of red along the top edge and of blue along the righthand margin, on which are written the words of a song "By Eb (or E. C.?) Harbert, 1st Battalion, Pioneer Brigade, Army of the Cumberland," to be sung to the tune "Happy Land of Canaan." The author is surely Ebenezer Harbert, private in the 70th Regiment of Indiana Volunteers, who was mustered into service at Franklin, Indiana, August 8, 1862, and transferred to the Engineer Corps, August 10, 1864. A sketch of Ebenezer Harbert in a history of Johnson county tells of his Civil War service, saying he was "detailed into the Pioneer Corps of the Army of the Cumberland," and states that he is a writer who "has contributed numerous poems to the *Franklin Republican*," and has "written many songs of merit."

The song tells of the successes of the northern army in the campaign of Stone River, during the last days of December, 1862. As a part of the Army of the Cumberland at this time there was created a Pioneer Brigade, formed by a detail of two men from each company of infantry. It was commanded by Capt. St. Clair Morton, of the Engineer Department, U. S. Army, and to it was attached the battery recruited by the Chicago Board of Trade.

Ye Union folks, I pray,
Give ear to what I say,
I will tell you how we give the rebs a training
From Murfreesboro, Tennessee,
Gen. Bragg was forced to flee
Double quick from the Happy Land of Canaan.

Chorus

Oh, oh, oh, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
The secesh tribe is a pining
Oh never mind the weather,
For we whipped them at Stone River,
And drove them from the Happy Land of Canaan.

When General Rosecrans
On the rebels did advance
They stood their ground awhile without complaining
But after five days' fight
They skedaddled in the night
In disorder from the Happy Land of Canaan.

The Union troops fought well,
At every shot a rebel fell;
Their tory blood the sandy soil was staining.
They charged with hideous yells,
But our canister and shells
Sent them flying from the Happy Land of Canaan.

The Texan Rangers made
A charge upon the Board of Trade,
They thought to capture it by hard straining,
But its canister and shell
Made their drunken columns reel
As they retreated from the Happy Land of Canaan.

The Pioneer Brigade,
Close to the ground it laid,
While the missiles from the rebels' guns were raining
We wisely held our fire
Till the secesh came up nigher,
Then we blowed them from the Happy Land of Canaan.

The William Henry Smith Memorial Library
Indianapolis, Indiana

INDIANA MONSTERS

By NELLIE M. COATS

Your note about the Indiana monster reminds me that George Winter, an Englishman who painted portraits and Indians and Indian villages between 1830-1870 in Indiana (his wonderfully illustrated journal is in the Tippecanoe County Historical Association museum on deposit) has a painting of a sea monster in Lake Manitou.

Indiana State Library

Indianapolis, Indiana

ANOTHER INDIANA MONSTER STORY

By WM. MARION MILLER

A recent article in *Hoosier Folklore* brought back to my mind the story of an Indiana monster I had heard some thirty-five years ago. Whether it is a bit of real folklore or just a plan lie on the part of the teller I have never fathomed. Perhaps some reader of this journal can clear up this doubt in my mind once he has read this story.

Some forty or more years ago a family moved from near Terre Haute into our community in southwestern Ohio. The father of the family soon earned for himself the reputation of being more or less of a liar—and a very picturesque one he was—and general reprobate in some respects. His stories, however, were very entertaining and much more interesting than many true ones we heard; even those who looked down their noses at his way of life enjoyed his wild tales. The one I am about to tell I remember hearing one day during a sudden storm while we were threshing. We field workers took refuge under a tree, and our friend provided us with more or less impromptu entertainment which we enjoyed more than the hard work of the harvest.

Somehow or other the conversation had turned on hunting snakes, and our friend told us of an experience he had had in "Indiany" when he was a boy many years before. Rumors had come in regarding an enormous snake in the swamp near where he was living. The men decided that something must be done about this potentially dangerous monster, and a hunt was organized. After much searching through the muck and mire and beating of the brush they were rewarded for their efforts.

Suddenly, and before anyone was expecting it, their prey revealed itself before their astonished eyes; only its head was visible, but it was enough to fill with dismay and fear the stoutest heart among them. The head was, so we were told, as big as a nail keg, with flashing eyes and gleaming fangs; and the scaly body was in proportion. The onlookers were petrified with fear and remained rooted to their places, not daring to lift a hand, raise a gun, or utter a cry. After doing what any self-respecting snake would do when at bay—hissing and showing its long and glistening teeth—it lowered its head and slithered away, leaving in its wake a path resembling the depression made by a large field tile were it pressed down into the mud. Our friend told us that the snake was never seen again, but that folk in that region of “Indiandy” still told the tale and lived in fear of the terrible beast.

Can any of this journal’s readers recall this story or add anything to it? I hope some one can.

Miami University

Oxford, Ohio

PROVERBS FROM RUSHVILLE, INDIANA

By A. L. GARY

Following are a few of the local statements as well as some that have been handed down which have been used in this community:

1. The nearest is the furdest (a brief way of saying the longest way round is the shortest way home).
2. It is safest to cross in front of a mule and behind an automobile.
3. Short visits make long friends.
4. That’s a horse of a different color.
5. Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
6. A fool and his money are soon parted.
7. Once a man, twice a boy.
8. Let sleeping dogs lie.
9. A barking dog never bites.
10. Lightning never strikes twice in the same place (it isn’t necessary).
11. He who fights and runs away may live to fight another day.
12. A balky horse, a nagging wife and a foul carburetor tries one’s religion.

Rushville, Indiana

CHILDREN'S RHYMES

By NELLIE M. COATS

Is there a name for the following rhymes? All but the last two involve a spelling. The last one is a comment on a weather rhyme given by Mr. Howard H. Peckham in the December, 1946, number of this quarterly.

1.

Contributed by Paul Weer, Indianapolis:

Cin, Cinn,
A needle and a pin,
A skinny and a fatty;
And that's the way to spell Cincinnati.

2.

Contributed by Paul Weer:

A bottle and a cork,
A jug and a fork,
And that's the way to spell New York.

3.

Contributed by Mrs. Shell, Indianapolis:

C N O
And a Con Stant Toe
And a Nople and a Pople
And a Constantinople.

4.

Contributed by Mrs. Shell:

Take one O,
Take two O,
Take three O,
Take four O,
Spell potato.

5.

Contributed by Louise Sturdevant, Indianapolis, from Pennsylvania via Nebraska, and by Howard H. Peckham, Indianapolis and Michigan:

H U huckle
B U buckle
H U huckle i
B U huckle—E U buckle
Huckleberry pie.

6.

Contributed by Louise Sturdevant:

P U double unkin

P U double i

P U double unkin

Punkin pie.

7.

Miss Sturdevant also has from Pennsylvania this version of a verse counted out on a baby's toes:

Little Penny (pianissimo)

Penny Lou (louder)

Louly Whistle (louder)

Molly Wassel (louder)

Great big Gobble (louder)

Gobble Gobble (fortissimo)

8.

Mr. Peckham's weather rhyme "ain't the way I heard it."
My mother said it this way (her people came from Virginia).
It scans better, anyway.

Red sky at night

Sailor's delight.

Red sky in the morning

Sailor's warning.

Indiana State Library

Indianapolis, Indiana

THE HUNTING EXPEDITION

By DAVID S. MCINTOSH

I heard the story about the brave Indian who went hunting, several years ago, from Mr. Harold J. Kuebler, assistant Regional Secretary of the National Council of Student Christian Association. My son heard the story this past summer at the older boys' camp at Camp Minewanca near New Era, Michigan.

As the story begins the listeners should be encouraged to imitate the actions of the story-teller. The first part should be told in a matter-of-fact way, saving the excitement for the last part.

Once there was a brave Indian who decided that he would go out hunting for bear. So he got his shotgun and left, left his cabin, went out and walked across the level plain. (Here

the story-teller pats his hands on his thighs to give the rhythm of the walk.) Finally he comes to a hill which he climbs slowly. (The speed of slapping hands on the thighs is slowed down to indicate the effort of going up the hill.) When he finally gets to the top of the hill he stops (Indian puts his hand to his forehead to shade his eyes) and looks all around for bear; he doesn't see any bear; so he starts down the mountain. (Speed up the slapping of the hands as he goes down the hill.) When he gets down to the bottom, he walks across the level plain. (Slow down the speed of slapping hands on thighs.) After a bit he comes to a river which has a bridge across it so he walks across the bridge. (Pound fists on chest to indicate walking across the bridge.) When he gets on the other side he walks across a level plain. (Slapping hands on thigh as before.) After a bit he comes to another hill which he climbs. (Slow down and indicate effort by actions.) Finally he comes to the top of the hill, stops, shades his eyes, looks all around for bear, doesn't see any bear, so he goes down the hill. (Speed up slapping of hands on thighs as before.) He gets down the hill and comes to another level stretch of ground. (Slow down speed of slapping hands.) Finally he comes to a river, another river; this doesn't have a bridge across it so he has to swim across this. (Swimming motion, rub hands back and forth together to indicate the swish of the water.) Finally he gets to the other side, walks across a level plain (action as before), comes to another hill which he climbs. (Slow action as before.) Finally he gets to the top of this hill, stops, shades his eyes and looks all around. He sees a bear.¹ He drops his shotgun, runs down the hill, across the plain, swims through the river, crosses the plain, up the hill, stops and shades his eyes, looks all around, goes on down the hill, runs across the plain, comes to the river and goes across the bridge. He runs across the plain, climbs up the hill, stops, looks all around, runs down the hill, across the plain and into the house and shuts the door and yells. (Move hand back and forth before mouth to give Indian yell.)

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¹ The story-teller shows great excitement at this point and to the end, the story and action moving as rapidly as possible.

(Prof. McIntosh told this story to the group at a Folklore Institute picnic one night last summer and had to repeat it every night for the rest of his stay.—The Editor.)

ANOTHER VANISHING HITCHHIKER STORY

By WM. MARION MILLER

Recently a student in one of my classes told me a vanishing hitchhiker story that her father had picked up recently. Here it is:

The story is laid in Brown County, Indiana—the exact point within the county is unknown. Two men in a car were passing a lonely cemetery late one night (not a rainy one) when they saw a white-robed figure thumbing a ride some distance down the road. They stopped, a beautiful young girl got into the unoccupied rear seat. They asked her where she wanted to go, and she asked them to let her out at a farmhouse about two miles down the road. Leaving the girl, who seemed reticent about herself, to her own devices, they sped on their way and brought their car to a halt at the girl's destination. Turning around to open the door, they discovered that their fair passenger had vanished without a trace—how and where they knew not. Apparently believing that such eerie goings-on had best be kept secret, the men decided to tell no one of their experience and went on their way.

Some weeks later two other men had exactly the same experience under identical circumstances. But these men went to the house, knocked, and told their story to the woman who came to the door. She told them that their description of their ghostly rider tallied with that of her daughter, who had died some years before and who was buried in the cemetery they had passed. The dead girl had not come to the house, however; nor had the mother ever heard such a story about her deceased daughter.

Seemingly the first two men who had decided never to reveal their experience decided to tell a friend of this ghostly encounter. The friend promised not to reveal what he had just heard from their lips. The second two, as chance would have it, also told their story to this same man. He decided that something should be done about the matter and called the four men together without revealing why he wanted to see them. Once civilities had been exchanged, he told his two stories and invited his guests to exchange reminiscences. They agreed in all details—time, place, description, manner of disappearance, etc. Somehow or other the story got out and was told to the father of one of my students who told it to me.

Miami University

Oxford, Ohio

THE HITCHHIKING GHOST

By ERNEST W. BAUGHMAN

In spite of the rash of vanishing hitchhiker stories which have appeared, I feel that the unusual background details of the one which follows warrant its publication to help fill out the record.

It was contributed to me as a theme assignment by Victoria Wilson of Watseka, Illinois, March 22, 1945. Miss Wilson had this to say about the story: "The story-teller was John Wilson, my grandfather, who would be eighty-nine years old now if he were still living. He lived in Watseka, Illinois, and was about twenty years old when this happened. I've never heard it from him directly, but he used to tell my father the story many times. My father told it to me first when I was about eight years old."

The story of the hitchhiking ghost has been told many times. The version of this tale that I have heard has been handed down through our family and is now almost legendary. The incident occurred as my grandfather Wilson was driving his horse-drawn carriage along a road near Watseka, Illinois. John Wilson was a spiritualist and had just attended a meeting in town.

As he drove toward his home he was deep in thought over the happenings of the evening and was thinking about its success. He approached the farmhouse of a friend; and, as he started to pass by, he thought he heard a voice hailing him. Thinking that perhaps his friend needed help, he stopped the carriage.

He heard the voice again and noticed for the first time the figure of a woman coming toward him from the edge of the road. She asked if she might ride to a neighboring farm with him; and, although he was quite surprised by the request, he consented. His attempts to talk with the stranger failed miserably as she did not seem to want to talk.

When they reached the farm which she had mentioned, she stood up in the carriage, as if unwilling to lose a moment. Grandfather reined in the horse and started to help her out of the carriage; by that time she was already out on the road and starting toward the barn. He watched her, fascinated, until she disappeared.

The next day he mentioned the incident to his hired man, who was a native of that region. The fellow told him that

A QUERY ABOUT THE HORSEHAIR SNAKE

By LOUISE G. WILLIAMS

Can anyone tell us anything about the origin of the old belief concerning the "horsehair snake"? One is supposed to place a hair from the tail of a horse into a tub of rain water in the dark of the moon. Before the dark of the next moon it will turn into a real live snake.

One of the boys is having quite a discussion with an old timer in his neighborhood and would like to prove him wrong.

Ben Davis High School

Indianapolis, Indiana

BOOK REVIEWS

Jonathan Draws the Long Bow, Richard M. Dorson. Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 1946. 274 pages. \$4.50.

This is a book for both the practicing folklorist and for the general reader. The specialist will buy it because he needs and likes it; the general reader will like it so well that he will want to own it.

These New England tales have an extraordinary range in time, type and style: from the seventeenth century to the present; from the early prevarications of explorers and travelers to the asininity of the little moron. There are witch tales, devil tales, stories of ghosts and other remarkable spirits, tall tales, sells, local legends, and literary folk tales. Then there are the Yankee yarns—of bumpkins, sharp traders, tricksters, and bashful swains.

The real service that Mr. Dorson has done for us is the searching out and reissuing of tales buried in print. From county and town histories, from newspapers of all periods but chiefly from the pre-Civil War newspapers, from collections of legends, and from literary works, Mr. Dorson has put together a remarkable body of narratives, all current before 1900 in either printed or oral form. A random sampling of the dates when the stories were printed in the form Mr. Dorson quotes runs as follows: 1889, 1847, 1851, 1864, 1767, 1833, 1841, and so on. As a matter of fact all of the above dates are taken from the group of tall stories, a type which, incidentally, received

very little serious attention from folklore scholars before the second quarter of the twentieth century. The bibliographical data given in the book is invaluable to the specialist.

The section called Yankee Yarns probably presents the Yankee character—or perhaps I should say the Yankee caricature—more clearly than any other section. Here we have the stories of the Yankees as we have always heard of them: the sharp and the dull, the inquisitive and the taciturn, the loquacious and the laconic, the clever and the foolish, the lazy and the industrious. To labor the pairings further would be fruitless, because everyone knows what a Yankee is. If anyone doesn't know, he will when he has read the stories and the fine introduction to this section.

Another service for which the student of folklore can thank Mr. Dorson is his reprinting of what he calls literary folktales: authentic folktales used by literary craftsmen in novels, poems, and sketches. Here for example we find the story of the breathing tree—so full of 'coons, mice, or bees, that every time the animals inhale (in unison, naturally) a split in the tree opens to make room for expansion. If this tale seems familiar, reread the variants in *Hoosier Folklore Bulletin*, 1:14 52-53, and 66. The date of this story in *Jonathan Draws the Long Bow* is 1846. Here also is the story of the obstinate wife ("scissors"), and also the story of the chronic liar who repents in church and adds that he has shed barrels and barrels of tears while thinking about his weakness. This last story is also credited to "Oregon" Smith, who once lived in Bloomington, Indiana.

This book is full of surprises, and it is full of a great deal of fun. While this is a book of New England folktales, that is, tales which have their locale, main character, or place of publication in New England, it is also a book about the whole country—tales and Yankees being the ubiquitous phenomena they are.

Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana

Ernest W. Baughman

RECENT PUBLICATIONS

Adventures of a Ballad Hunter, John A. Lomax. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1947. \$3.75.

MEMBERSHIP IN THE HOOSIER FOLKLORE SOCIETY

Membership in the Hoosier Folklore Society is two dollars a calendar year. This is open to individuals, schools, and libraries anywhere in the United States. Members receive HOOSIER FOLKLORE, a quarterly for the publication of folklore of Indiana and neighboring states. Single copies may be purchased for fifty cents each.

JOINT MEMBERSHIP IN HOOSIER FOLKLORE SOCIETY AND AMERICAN FOLKLORE SOCIETY

Joint membership in the Hoosier Folklore Society and the American Folklore Society is available at a special rate of five dollars a year to Indiana residents and to Indiana schools and libraries. Individual members receive HOOSIER FOLKLORE, THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLKLORE and MEMOIRS OF THE AMERICAN FOLKLORE SOCIETY as issued.

Institutional members (schools and libraries) receive HOOSIER FOLKLORE and THE JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLKLORE.

Applications for membership and membership dues for 1947 should be mailed promptly to Mrs. William Hugh Jansen, Treasurer, Hoosier Folklore Society, 729 E. Hunter, Bloomington, Indiana.

Members are urged to secure new members for the society and to contribute manuscripts for publication.

STANDARD ABBREVIATIONS OF PERIODICALS REFERRED TO IN NOTES AND ARTICLES

CFQ =CALIFORNIA FOLKLORE QUARTERLY

HF =HOOSIER FOLKLORE

HFB =HOOSIER FOLKLORE BULLETIN

JAFL=JOURNAL OF AMERICAN FOLKLORE

MAFS=MEMOIRS OF THE AMERICAN FOLKLORE SOCIETY

NYFQ=NEW YORK FOLKLORE QUARTERLY

SFQ =SOUTHERN FOLKLORE QUARTERLY